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BUTTERFIELD'S

MANUAL OF ELOCUTION

AND

VOICE CULTURE.

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MANUAL OF ELOCUTION

AND

VOICE CULTURE,

DESIGNED TO FURNISH, IN CONVENIENT FORM, A FEW CHOICE
EXERCISES AND SELECTIONS FOR CLASS DRILL IN CON-
NECTION WITH THE STUDY OF THE PRINCIPLES
OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.

✓
BY L. A. BUTTERFIELD,

PROFESSOR IN THE MONROE CONSERVATORY OF ELOCUTION, ORATORY, AND
THE DRAMATIC ART, AND TEACHER OF ELOCUTION IN
THE NEWTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

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MANUAL OF ELOCUTION.

Purity of Tone.

1. From the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored, that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. Tink, tink, tink — clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the streets' harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy."

2. I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

3. You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

4. A blind man would know that one was a gentleman
and the other a clown by the tones of their voices.

Projection of Tone.

1. Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight — ho! scatter
flowers, fair maids :
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute — ho! gallants, draw your
blades.
-

2. The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
-

3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
-

4. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again !
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome home again !
-

Fulness and Breadth of Tone.

1. O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves.
A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou ; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling.

2. The hills,
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales,
 Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
 The venerable woods — rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
 That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man.
-

3. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave !
 Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry !
-

4. It is done !
 Clang of bell and roar of gun !
 Send the tidings up and down.
 How the belfries rock and reel !
 How the great guns, peal on peal,
 Fling the joy from town to town !
-

Articulation.

1. The coming and going of the birds is more or less a mystery and a surprise. We go out in the morning, and no thrush or finch is to be heard ; we go out again, and every tree and grove is musical ; yet again, and all is silent. Who saw them come ? Who saw them depart ?

2. Flower in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies ;
 Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower — but if I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

3. The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

4. O, how our organ can speak with its many and wonderful
voices! —

Play on the soft lute of love, blow the loud trumpet of
war,
Sing with the high sesquialtro, or, drawing its full diapa-
son,
Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals and
stops.

5. Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail
you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places
which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence
where we are passing, and shall soon have passed, our own
human duration.

We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers.
We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant
fields of New England. We greet your accession to the
great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you
to the blessings of good government and religious liberty.

Inflections.

Falling Inflections.

1. Who's here so base that would be a bondman? If any,
speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude that
would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I
offended. Who's here so vile that will not love his country?
If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

2. Now for the fight, — now for the cannon peal, —
Forward, — through blood and toil and cloud and fire!
-

3. How far, O Catiline! wilt thou abuse our patience?
How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To
what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity?

Rising Inflections.

1. Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted
to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards?
Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by
the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Noth-
ing, by the averted looks of all here present?

2. Wouldst thou lack that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
-

Rising and Falling Inflections.

2. As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortu-
nate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as
he was ambitious, I slew him.

3. Can honor set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or
take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no
skill in surgery, then? No. What is honor? A word.
What is that word, honor? Air. Who hath it? He that
died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear
it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yes, to the dead. But
will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction
will not suffer it.

Circumflex Inflections.

1. What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money ? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?
-

2. If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry :
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track !
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If I cannot carry forests on my back
Neither can you crack a nut.
-

Monotone.

1. The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself, —
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded, —
Leave not a rack behind.
-

Whisper.

1. All heaven and earth are still, — though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep.
-

Aspirated Tone.

1. Hush ! hark ! did stealing steps go by ?
Came not faint whispers near ?
-

And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

SELECTIONS.

THE CHEERFUL LOCKSMITH.

FROM the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored, that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. Tink, tink, tink—clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the streets' harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy."

2. Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers; still it struck in again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer; not thrusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds—tink, tink, tink, tink, tink.

3. It was a perfect embodiment of the still small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind. Foot-passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it; neighbors who had got up splenetic that morning, felt good-humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly; mothers danced their babies to its ringing;—still the same magical tink, tink, tink, came gaily from the workshop of the Golden Key.

4. Who but the locksmith could have made such music? A gleam of sun shining through the unsashed window and

checkering the dark workshop with a broad patch of light, fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face radiant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead — the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world.

5. Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their rust, and seemed like gouty gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke on their infirmities.

6. There was nothing surly or severe in the whole scene. It seemed impossible that any one of the innumerable keys could fit a churlish strong-box or a prison-door. Store-houses of good things, rooms where there were fires, books, gossip, and cheering laughter — these were their proper sphere of action. Places of distrust and cruelty and restraint, they would have quadruple-locked forever.

7. Tink, tink, tink. No man who hammered on at a dull, monotonous duty could have brought such cheerful notes from steel and iron; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of everything and felt kindly towards everybody, could have done it for an instant. He might have been a coppersmith, and still been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon, full of rods of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE LAUNCH OF THE SHIP.

I.

“BUILD me straight, O worthy Master!

Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,

That shall laugh at all disaster,

And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!”

II.

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard ;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every art.
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, " Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch
As ever weathered a wintry sea ! "

III.

All is finished ! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched !
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched ;
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

IV.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest ;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

V.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,

With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage-day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray, old sea.

VI.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

VII.

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say, —
“Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth, and all her charms!”

VIII.

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press

Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care !
Sail forth into the sea, O ship !
Through wind and wave, right onward steer !
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

IX.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !

X.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock ;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock ;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale !
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee :
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

"HANDSOME is that handsome does, — hold up your heads, girls!" was the language of Primrose in the play when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. What is good-looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle, — generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you; and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you.

2. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace which passeth show, rests over it, softening and mellowing its features just as the calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

3. "Hold up your heads, girls!" I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you *can* be beautiful. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels.

4. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had "no mother to bring him milk and no wife to grind him corn."

5. O, talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiseled from marble or wrought out on canvas; speculate as we

may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

6. This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections, uniting the awe and mystery of that mother's miraculous allotment with the irrepressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity, — Heaven's crowning miracle with Nature's holiest and sweetest instinct.

7. And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven, — how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place? When the soul is at rest, when the passions and desires are all attuned to the divine harmony, —

"Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-ordered law,"

do we not read the placid significance thereof in the human countenance?

8. "I have seen," said Charles Lamb, "faces upon which the dove of peace sat brooding." In that simple and beautiful record of a holy life, the Journal of John Woolman, there is a passage of which I have been more than once reminded in my intercourse with my fellow-beings: "Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a divine harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance."

9. Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its "silver veil" the evil and ungentle passions looked out hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at the first glance pronounce homely, unattractive, and such

as "Nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognise with a warm heart-thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome that with my admiration of them "the stranger intermeddleth not."

J. G. WHITTIER.

UNION AND LIBERTY.

I.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through our battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

II.

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry, —
Union and liberty! — one evermore!

III.

Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

IV.

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

V.

Yet, if by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then, with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

VI.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us, the Many in One!

VII.

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry, —
Union and Liberty! — one evermore!

O. W. HOLMES.

TREATMENT OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

MY LORDS — I rise with astonishment to see these papers brought to your table at so late a period of this business; papers, to tell us what? Why, what all the world knew before; that the Americans, irritated by repeated injuries, and stripped of their inborn rights and dearest privileges, have resisted, and entered into associations for the preservation of their common liberties.

2. Had the early situation of the people of Boston been attended to, things would not have come to this. But the infant complaints of Boston were literally treated like the capricious squalls of a child, who, it was said, did not know

whether it was aggrieved or not. But full well I knew at that time that this child, if not redressed, would soon assume the courage and voice of a man. Full well I knew that the sons of ancestors, born under the same free constitution, and once breathing the same liberal air, as Englishmen, would resist upon the same principles and on the same occasions.

3. What has government done? They have sent an armed force, consisting of seventeen thousand men, to dragoon the Bostonians into what is called their duty; and, so far from once turning their eyes to the impolicy and destructive consequence of this scheme, are constantly sending out more troops. And we are told, in the language of menace, that, if seventeen thousand men won't do, fifty thousand shall.

4. It is true, my lords, with this force they may ravage the country, waste and destroy as they march; but in the progress of fifteen hundred miles can they occupy the places they have passed? Will not a country which can produce three millions of people, wronged and insulted as they are, start up, like hydras, in every corner, and gather fresh strength from fresh opposition? Nay, what dependence can you have upon the soldiery, the unhappy engines of your wrath? They are Englishmen, who must feel for the privileges of Englishmen. Do you think that these men can turn their arms against their brethren? Surely not. A victory must be to them a defeat; and carnage, a sacrifice.

5. But it is not merely three millions of people, the produce of America, we have to contend with in this unnatural struggle; many more are on their side, dispersed over the face of this wide empire. Every whig in this country and in Ireland is with them. Who, then, let me demand, has given, and continues to give, this strange and unconstitutional advice?

6. I do not mean to level at any one man, or any particular set of men; but thus much I will venture to declare,

that if His Majesty continues to hear such counsellors, he will not only be badly advised, but undone. He may continue, indeed, to wear his crown; but it will not be worth his wearing. Robbed of so principal a jewel as America, it will lose its lustre, and no longer beam that effulgence which should irradiate the brow of majesty.

7. In this alarming crisis, I come, with this paper in my hand, to offer you the best of my experience and advice; which is, that an humble petition be presented to His Majesty, beseeching him, that, in order to open the way towards a happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, it may graciously please him that immediate orders be given to General Gage for removing His Majesty's forces from the town of Boston.

8. And this, my lords, upon the most mature and deliberate grounds, is the best advice I can give you at this juncture. Such conduct will convince America that you mean to try her cause in the spirit of freedom and inquiry, and not in letters of blood. There is no time to be lost. Every hour is big with danger. Perhaps, while I am now speaking, the decisive blow is struck, which may involve millions in the consequence. And, believe me, the very first drop of blood which is shed will cause a wound which may never be healed.

LORD CHATHAM.

LOCHINVAR.

I.

O YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the West, —
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best!
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none, —
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

II.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

III.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?" —

IV.

"I long wooed your daughter, — my suit you denied ; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

V.

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up ;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

VI.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;

While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

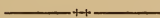
VII.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung:
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scar;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

VIII.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY.

I hear much said of patriotism, appeals to patriotism, transports of patriotism. Gentlemen, why prostitute this noble word? Is it so very magnanimous to give up a part of your income in order to save your whole property? This is very simple arithmetic; and he that hesitates, deserves contempt rather than indignation.

2. Yes, gentlemen, it is to your immediate self-interest, to your most familiar notions of prudence and policy, that I

now appeal. I say not to you now, as heretofore, beware how you give the world the first example of an assembled nation untrue to the public faith. I ask you not, as heretofore, what right you have to freedom, or what means of maintaining it, if, at your first step in administration, you outdo in baseness all the old and corrupt governments. I tell you, that unless you prevent this catastrophe, you will all be involved in the general ruin; and that you are yourselves the persons most deeply interested in making the sacrifices which the government demands of you.

3. I exhort you, then, most earnestly, to vote these extraordinary supplies; and God grant they may prove sufficient! Vote them, I beseech you; for, even if you doubt the expediency of the means, you know perfectly well that the supplies are necessary, and that you are incapable of raising them in any other way. Vote them at once, for the crisis does not admit of delay; and, if it occurs, we must be responsible for the consequences.

4. Beware of asking for time. Misfortune accords it never. While you are lingering, the evil day will come upon you. Why, gentlemen, it is but a few days since, that upon occasion of some foolish bustle in the *Palais Royal*, some ridiculous insurrection that existed nowhere but in the heads of a few weak or designing individuals, we were told with emphasis, "Catiline is at the gates of Rome, and yet we deliberate." We know, gentlemen, that this was all imagination. We are far from being at Rome; nor is there any Catiline at the gates of Paris. But now are we threatened with a real danger; bankruptcy, national bankruptcy, is before you; it threatens to swallow up your persons, your property, your honor,—and yet you deliberate.

MIRABEAU.

THE RISING IN 1776.

I.

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

II.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

III.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;

And every maid with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
 A bud whose depths are all perfume ;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

IV.

The pastor came ; his snowy locks
 Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
 He led into the house of prayer.
The pastor rose ; the prayer was strong ;
The psalm was warrior David's song ;
The text, a few short words of might, —
“The Lord of hosts shall arm the right !”

V.

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured ;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

VI.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir ;

When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

VII.

A moment there was awful pause, —
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers,
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

VIII.

And now before the open door —

The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,

Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,

The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue

Was, "WAR! WAR! WAR!"

IX.

"Who dares?" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came, —

"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"

A hundred hands flung up reply,

A hundred voices answered, "*I!*"

T. B. READ.

BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

I.

BREAK, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

II.

O well for the fisherman's boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play!

O well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay!

III.

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

IV.

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

A. TENNYSON.

AWAIT THE ISSUE.

IN this world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing.

2. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In Heaven's name, no!"

3. Thy "success"? Poor fellow, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing.

4. It is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating: "See, your Heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

5. Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

6. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous, unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland: no, because brave men rose there and said, "Behold, ye must not tread us down as slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!"

7. Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

T. CARLYLE.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

I.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

II.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

III.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

IV.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

V.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

VI.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act, — act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

VII.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ; —

VIII.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

IX.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ZENOBIA'S AMBITION.

I AM charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved anything great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not ambitious ? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it ? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra, but of the East. That I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition ? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra ?

2. I am applauded by you all for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less. But why pause here ? Is so much ambition praiseworthy, and more criminal ? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt, on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine, on the other ? Were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits ? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win ?

3. Rome has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East.

Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, and I swear not that the Mediterranean shall hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right, — I would that the world were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

4. Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask, nor fear the answer. Whom have I wronged? — What province have I oppressed? What city pillaged? What region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or estates coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I trenched upon? I dwell, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that I reign not more *over* you than within you. The foundation of my throne is not more power, than love.

5. Suppose now, my ambition add another province to our realm. Is it an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourself and the late royal Odenatus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry where here seeks its market.

6. This is no vain boasting:—receive it not so, good friends. It is but truth. He who traduces himself, sins with him who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If

I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and will bear it.

7. But I have spoken, that you may know your queen, — not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you then that I am ambitious, — that I crave dominion, and while I live will reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too, — you can bear me witness that I do, — that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

WILLIAM WARE.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered!
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered :
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well ;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered !
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke :
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back ; but not —
 Not the six hundred.

V.

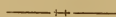
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered :
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came ~~th~~ through the jaws of Death

Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them —
 Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made !
 Honor the Light Brigade, —
 Noble six hundred !

A. TENNYSON.



GOD ALL IN ALL.

EVERY moment of our lives, we breathe, stand, or move in the temple of the Most High ; for the whole universe is that temple. Wherever we go, the testimony to His power, the impress of His hand are there.

2. Ask of the bright worlds around us, as they roll in the everlasting harmony of their circles ; and they shall tell you of Him, whose power launched them on their courses.

3. Ask of the mountains, that lift their heads among and above the clouds ; and the bleak summit of one shall seem to call aloud to the snow-clad top of another, in proclaiming their testimony to the Agency which has laid their deep foundations.

4. Ask of ocean's waters ; and the roar of their boundless waves shall chant from shore to shore a hymn of ascription to that Being, who hath said, "Hitherto shall ye come and no further."

5. Ask of the rivers ; and as they roll onward to the sea, do they not bear along their ceaseless tribute to the ever-

working Energy, which struck open their fountains and poured them down through the valleys ?

6. Ask of every region of the earth, from the burning equator to the icy pole, from the rock-bound coast to the plain covered with its luxuriant vegetation ; and will you not find on them *all* the record of the Creator's presence ?

7. Ask of the countless tribes of plants and animals ; and shall they not testify to the action of the great Source of Life ?

8. Yes, from every portion, from every department of nature, comes the same voice : everywhere we hear Thy name, O God ; everywhere we see Thy love. Creation, in all its depth and height, is the manifestation of Thy Spirit, and without Thee the world were dark and dead.

9. The universe is to us as the burning bush which the Hebrew leader saw : God is ever present in it, for it burns with His glory, and the ground on which we stand is always holy.

CONVERS FRANCIS.

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